"Inspired by the hope of soon locating a primitive band, we silenced our guns and lived by hunting with the bow and arrow so as not to frighten any Indians that might be within earshot of a gun. We followed the rude trails which had been made by the Indians about 3 months earlier, and after passing many abandoned huts, each one newer than the last, we finally arrived at midday on the eleventh day of march just outside of a village. On the advice of our Indian companions, Silva and I removed most of our clothes, so as not to be too conspicuous in the otherwise naked party—I at last had quite a tan—and leaving behind our guns and all supplies except a couple of baskets of roast peccary meat, which we were saving as a peace gesture, we sandwiched ourselves in between our Indian guides and made a hasty entrance into the communal hut. The occupants, who were enjoying a midday siesta, were so taken by surprise that we were able to start talking to them in their own language before they could grasp their weapons or flee. Moreover, as their interest almost immediately settled on the baskets of peccary meat, we felt secure within a few moments' time and sent back for the rest of our supplies.

Once having established contact with such a group, I had intended to settle down or wander with them for several months, or until I could complete my studies. I was forced, however, to abandon this plan when, after being with them for a day or two, I came down with an infection in my eyes of such gravity that I was almost blinded. Fearing that this infection would spread to a point [3] that might cause the loss of my sight,

and since I carried no medicines with which to heal it, I decided to set out for the Franciscan Missions of the Guarayos, about 8 days' distance on foot, the nearest point at which aid could be obtained. Before leaving, however, I consulted with the chief of this new group (his name was Ačíba-eóko or Long-arm) and told him that I planned to return and study the manner of life of his people. In the meantime, the Indians in our original party, knowing of my plan, had already convinced the chief and other members of his band to return with them to the Rio Blanco and settle down for a while at Tibaera, a plan which suited me perfectly. Consequently, in the company of four Indians of this new band and Silva, I traveled on foot to Yaguarú, Guarayos. After about 2 weeks of fine treatment at the hands of the civilian administrator, Don Francisco Materna, and the equally hospitable Franciscan fathers and nuns, I was able to rejoin the band, and we slowly returned to Tibaera, arriving there on October 11, 1941.

Besides what studies I was able to make of this band while roaming with them during part of September and October, 1941, I continued to live with them at Tibaera, except for occasional periods of 10 days' or 2 weeks' absence for pusposes of curing myself of one tropical malady or another or of refreshing my mental state, until March 1942, when my studies were terminated by news that the United States had become involved in war 3 months previously.

As can be readily inferred from the account given above of my contacts with the Siriono they were studied under three different conditions: first, for about 4 months, while they

were living at Casarabe under conditions of acculturation and forced labor; second, for about 2 months, while they were wandering under aboriginal conditions in the forest; finally, for about 6 months, while they were living at Tibaera, where aboriginal conditions had not appreciably changed except for the introduction of more agriculture and some iron tools. During the course of my work, I made a complete ethnological survey of the culture, only part of which can be published here, although my attention was focused primarily on the problem of the sparse and insecure food supply and its relation to the culture. As my knowledge of the language and culture increased, I was constantly formulating, testing, and reformulating hypotheses with respect to this problem."

1: Holmberg--3 [2] (1941-42) 1950 Siriono
116, 123

"When possible, data were recorded on the spot in an ethnographic journal, which was supplemented by a record of personal experiences while in the field. As the group was small, everyone was used as an informant, and since most of the activities of the Siriono center in but one hut, data on the behavior patterns of almost everyone could be recorded. No paid informants were used, although gifts such as bush knives and beads were given. No Siriono was a willing informant; little information was volunteered, and some was consciously withheld. Had it not been for the fact that I possessed a shotgun and medicines, life with the Indians would have been impossible. By contributing to the food supply and curing the sick, I became enough of an asset to them to be tolerated for the period of my residence."

1: Holmberg--4 [7] (1941-42) 1950 Siriono
116, 123

"Finally, I should like to express my appreciation to the Siriono who, for the first time in their history, tolerated a naive but inquisitive anthropologist on his first extended stay in the field."

1: Holmberg--32-33 (1941-42) 1950 Siriono
116, 262, 825, 123

"I was presented with two favorable opportunities to break down the taboo on snake meat, but in both cases the experiments failed. In the first instance, I killed a bushmaster about 8 feet in length just outside of the house. Since I was badly in need of a waterproof pouch in which to carry my powder and shot, I decided to remove the hide and to try to make one. While skinning [33] the reptile, I noticed that it was particularly fat, and since I had no oil with which to keep my arms greased I decided to fry some snake fat for this purpose. Also, since I had never had the opportunity, I decided to taste some of the meat. I made a point of frying a large steak in front of the Indians so that they could readily observe everything that was going on, and after this was done I sat down in a hammock and ate it in full view of the chief, who had not only warned me not to eat it but who, I am sure, expected me to drop dead at any moment. Fortunately, no ill effects resulted. On the following day I ate some more, but though I tried my best, I was unable to get a single Indian to try a piece of the meat. Some days later I had occasion to bake some corn muffins, and since I had no lard at the time I decided to make them with snake grease. After they were done the chief came around, and I offered him one. He began contentedly to munch it. After he had eaten about half, I could not resist the temptation to tell him that the muffins contained snake fat, whereupon he immediately jumped out of the hammock, put his finger down his throat, and threw up every bit of the muffin he had eaten. For weeks afterward he reminded me of the trick I had played upon him and was skeptical of eating any food that I offered him until he was certain that the snake fat was gone."

1: Holmberg--33 (1941-42) 1950 Siriono
116, 262, 825, 123

"On the second occasion, my Bolivian companion, Silva, killed an anaconda of about 20 feet in length. Conditions for introducing snake meat at the time were favorable since little game had been secured for several days. But even under these circumstances although I myself again set the example, I was unable to convince my Indian companions to try it. They showed no compunction, however, about either hunting or eating the buzzards which fed on the carcass of the snake, and for several days thereafter buzzard became a prominent part of their diet."

1: Holmberg--44 [4] (1941-42) 1950 Siriono
116, 533, 123, 825

"When I was first with the Indians I forced myself to leave a comfortable hammock and mosquito net many times at about 3 a.m., and, with flashlight, pencil, and notebook in hand, I made a sincere effort to record some of this early morning music. After a series of unrewarding attempts, however, and under extremely unpleasant conditions, I allowed the Indians to greet the day without the nuisance of my presence. My informants all told me, however, that the songs had no meaning, and, as far as the words were concerned, I am inclined to believe that this is true. In discussing the question with Abraham Richards, the son of an American cattle rancher who was born and raised with a group of Siriono on his father's cattle ranch near El Carmen, he told me that he, also, was never able to make any sense out of these early morning songs. However that may be, on inquiring of informants as to why they always greeted the day with songs, one of two reasons was always given; either they were happy or they were like the birds ('Hadn't I noticed that most of the birds and some of the animals greeted the day with song?'). Singing in the morning thus may perform the function not only of pleasantly filling in the period between darkness and dawn, after sufficient sleep has been obtained and before the activities of the day begin, but also of reinforcing the bonds maintained with the animal world."

1: Holmberg--49 [4] (1941-42) 1950 Siriono
116, 123, 597, 609

"Adults are never adopted. After living about 8 months with the Siriono, during which time I was on šenóNge (my brother) terms with the chief and often hung my hammock next to his, I was never regarded as a member of the family except in a joking way. While I was respected and generally liked, I was always looked upon as an outsider."

1: Holmberg--58 [4] (1941-42) 1950 Siriono
116, 159, 557, 123

"One case deserves special mention. Enía (Knee) was the brother-in-law of Chief Eantándu. He had had some contact with the outside, but because of maltreatment had run away from his patron and returned to native life. He was an intelligent man with an unusual ability (for a Siriono) to adjust to white civilization. He was a hard worker and reliable, and he knew considerable Spanish. His one weakness was that he could not hunt as well as his countrymen. Time after time I saw him leave with his bow and arrows, and time after time I watched him return emply-handed, while his fellow tribesmen left after him on the same trail and returned with game. He was generally referred to as 'not knowing how to hunt.' He was openly insulted at drinking feasts for his inability to hunt. He had lost at least one wife to better men. His status was low; his anxiety about hunting, high. He had, however, made some kind of readjustment to native life by planting more crops and collecting more forest products than the others and trading some of his vegetable products for meat. But still he was not satisfied. Noting this condition, I set out to raise his status. First he accompanied me with his bow and arrows on hunting trips. He carried in game which I shot, part of which was given to him and which we told others was shot by him. His status began to improve. Shortly thereafter I taught him to use a shotgun, and he brought in game of his own. Needless to say, when I left Tibaera he was enjoying the highest status, had acquired several new sex partners, and was insulting others, instead of being insulted by them."

1: Holmberg--75 (1941-42) 1950 Siriono
116, 551, 123

"Nicknames change frequently. Some of the common ones coined at Tibaera were the following: Erúba-erási (Sick-face), IkáNge (Bones), Konómbi-ačíkwa (Tortoise-rump), Eresaia (Blind), Mbe-erási (Snake sick), Eidúa-ekwásu (Big-navel), Aiíti (Close-at-hand), Etómi (Lazy), EréN-ekída (Fat-vulva), and Mbíku (literally 'opossum,' but applied to a man who steals other men's women). While I was at Tibaera, the custum [sic] of nicknaming also extended to me. One of my nicknames which persisted for some time was Kiíwandúsu (Big-deer), because I was known to be skillful at shooting deer on the pampa. I was also variously called Erésa-erasi (Sick-eyes), Eabóko (Long-hair), and Embúta (Beard). By those Siriono who have had contact with the outside a stranger is invariably called taita, the Quechua term for father, old man, or patrón."

1: Holmberg--76 [6] (1941-42) 1950 Siriono
116, 123, 858

"The Siriono are proud parents. They spend a great deal of time in fondling and playing with their children and are delighted to display them to anyone foreign to their camp. I found that one of the best ways to gain the confidence of the Indians was by taking an interest in their children: in bringing them presents, in playing with them, and in curing them of such ailments as hookworm. Their interest in children was also clearly reflected in their conversations with me, for I was bombarded with questions as to how many children I had, where they were living, etc. In order to avoid some explanation of my bachelorhood, which they would not have understood or which would have seemed ridiculous to them, I always told them that I had a wife and several children (I even supplied the names) waiting for me at home, and that as soon as I had obtained the information which my 'father' had sent me to gather, I was going to return to my family."

2: Holmberg--187 (1941-42) 1946 Siriono
123

"...in a number of cases I too acted as agent for two lovers who were having difficulty in carrying out their affair. Fortunately, I was seldom suspected of collusion."

4: Ryden--66 (1939) 1941 Siriono
116, 123, 411, 224

"With a view to testing the marksmanship of the Siriono and the hitting power of a bow-shot I had a man shoot at a range of 25 metres two chonta-pointed arrows, one at a slab or wood called in Spanish adro, and the other at a slab of amarillo. Both kinds of woods are hard; in both cases the thickness of the plates was 3 cm., and the size about 15x35 cm. For the first shot the plate was set up against a log of another very hard kind of wood. The arrow split the plate and penetrated some 3 cm. into the log. In the second case the target was nailed on to a treestump so as to project freely above it. The arrow entered up to the lashing between point and shaft, splitting the board in two (fig. 23).

For filming purposes I had a man shoot three arrows successively into the air, pausing between each shot. The arrows rose to about the height of a five-storey building before turning downwards and with high velocity striking the ground some 75 metres away. The bowman could not see where the first arrow fell, so had to aim the other two more or less at random. A circle with a radius slightly exceeding one metre would have covered all three arrows."